

AN: It's time for the first episode of my new sitcom: *Cheese!* This is so exciting! I hope you all enjoy it!

Cheese

Puffs

Scene One - Apartment

(A very grimy-looking apartment. The furniture is battered, the wallpaper is peeling off, and the wooden floor is littered with dust.)

TPYMK: I don't believe it!

(The door swings open. TPYMK storms into the apartment, stopping in the centre.)

You have to ruin everything, Greg! There I was: sitting in the publishers' office, just about to get my novel about the wonders of cheese shown to the world – and then you blunder in like some sort of drunken Taiwanese degenerate!

(Someone suddenly crashes through the wall next to the door. Greg picks himself up, stumbling to his feet.)

GREG: Oh, you don't want to bother with those publishers! You need someone professional to publish your novel. Like Guinness or Budweiser. They produce some good work, I can tell you!

DAN: Are you two arguing again?

(Dan walks in through the hole in the wall, wearing a crown on top of his head.)

TPYMK: Dan, please use the door instead of the hole. Don't encourage his behaviour.

DAN: Well, excuse me for getting drunk on mead with my loyal subjects in the bar.

TPYMK: You had lemonade.

DAN: Same thing.

(TPYMK rolls his eyes, looking at Greg.)

TPYMK: Greg, you are the bane of my life. I was sitting in that office, trying to look tough and great and cool – and you make me look like a complete idiot!

(Greg stumbles over to the left of the apartment, flopping down on a sofa which is facing an old 80s TV set on a stand.)

GREG: You *are* a complete idiot. Why don't you live a little? Nothing but excitement flows through my veins.

TPYMK: Nothing but *alcohol* flows through your veins, Greg. You should have seen the look on that woman's face when you started donating blood.

GREG: Well, the transfusion never went ahead. The local brewery didn't mind having some of it, though! Look...

(Greg holds up a can of beer. A caption proclaims, "Now with 90% more Greg!")

TPYMK: Very impressive, Greg. You really should be in a sitcom.

GREG: That'll never happen.

(Greg puts his thumb up to the camera.)

TPYMK: I just don't understand it...

(TPYMK sits down beside Greg.)

Why does nothing ever go right for me? My life is a misery.

(Dan pokes his head up over the top of the sofa.)

DAN: Don't worry, ThatPersonYouMightKnow – you still have us!

(TPYMK bursts into tears.)

GREG: Those writers are certainly overemotional, aren't they?

DAN: Please don't get tears on my sofa. It's what counts as my royal throne these days. You're lucky enough that I allow peasants like you to use it.

(TPYMK looks up.)

TPYMK: Dan, how many times do I have to tell you that you're not really a prince?

DAN: Of course I am! This is my kingdom! Everything the light touches!

TPYMK: *Nothing*, then. The electricity company cut off our supply for not keeping up with the payments.

GREG: I think he might be a prince, you know. After all, he looks like a beast and all the furniture has come to life.

TPYMK: No – that's just you hallucinating, Greg.

GREG: Oh, right. Guess I'll need a quick remedy, then.

TPYMK: I'll take care of it, Greg. I always make the best hangover cures.

(TPYMK hurries over to the kitchen to the right, opening the fridge and pulling out an ugly green mixture in a glass with a straw sticking out of the top. He walks back over to Greg, handing him the concoction.)

There you go – get that down your gullet!

(Dan points at the glass.)

DAN: What's in that?

TPYMK: Just a few small things. Mud, dust, bleach, armpit hair, cheese, wood chippings, electrical cables, tree sap, sodium nitrate, and the secret ingredient: water!

(Greg nods.)

GREG: That sounds about right.

(He snorts the entire mixture up his nose using the straw. He frowns.)

Didn't do much.

(TPYMK frowns, shaking his head.)

TPYMK: Damn. Put too many puppy dogs' tails in it. Oh, well – I'll get it right next time.

DAN: Hey! I remembered something really important I wanted to tell you. I just—

(Suddenly, a loud rumbling noise shakes the entire apartment. TPYMK is thrown out of his seat. Loud car horns and people screaming blare from outside.)

TPYMK: *What on earth was that?*

(Greg rubs his stomach.)

GREG: Sorry. I'm a bit hungry tonight.

DAN: Hmm... I could eat something, too. After all, it's only fair that a prince such as myself gets his nightly feast.

(TPYMK stands up, composing himself.)

TPYMK: I suppose I'd better cook us some supper, then. A housewife's work is never done! Let's see what we've got in the kitchen...

(He trots over to the kitchen, pulling open one of the cupboard doors.)

Aha!

(He grins.)

Shelves!

DAN: Oh, don't tell me we haven't got any food in the kitchen!

(TPYMK stands there silently, staring at Dan.)

Why aren't you saying anything?

TPYMK: You said not to tell you we haven't got any food in the kitchen.

(Dan rolls his eyes, walking over to the kitchen.)

DAN: This has got to be some sort of prank in an attempt to make the royal prince laugh. You loyal subjects are always trying to be comedic!

TPYMK: Dan, shut up, you no-brained lump of rock from Mars. Just look in the cupboard and see for yourself.

(Dan inspects the cupboard.)

DAN: Ah. So it *is* empty. Suppose we'll just have to eat the wood for dinner, then.

TPYMK: No, no – I'm sure I can rustle something up with what little materials we have. It's easy to have a good meal on a budget. I learnt that by watching *Psychotic Cooks from Hell!*

Ten Minutes Later...

(TPYMK, Dan and Greg are sat at the kitchen table. Dan has a brick on his plate, Greg is eating from a bowl of nails and TPYMK is trying to cut a single pea in half with a knife.)

GREG: Luxury cooking, isn't it?

DAN: That's hardly the word I'd use. Remind me to fire my personal chef for being so disgustingly unimaginative.

(Dan bites down on his brick. *Crack!* He spits out a few teeth.)

It's a bit raw.

GREG: Mine's not too different, either.

(Greg chews on a mouthful of the rusty nails, swallowing them in one big gulp.)

These nails have a certain robustness that demands attention.

DAN: Possibly *medical* attention.

(TPYMK shoots them hard glares.)

TPYMK: It was the best I could come up with, because *someone* spent all of our shopping money on alcohol!

GREG: It was a special offer! Buy one, get one free on aerosol! I couldn't resist!

DAN: And he *still* smells like a sewer.

GREG: Don't pin the blame on me, Dan. While I was downing my liquid enjoyment, *you* were buying all of those tiaras from the Barbie aisle.

(Dan glances aside nervously.)

DAN: I was *not*! It was a... a present for my daughter.

TPYMK: But you haven't *got* a daughter.

DAN: I mean for in the future.

TPYMK: Wait a minute – you've painted your nails!

(Dan hides his hands underneath the table.)

DAN: I'm not the one to blame here! Leave me alone – or I'll have you executed! Death by beheading!

(Everyone remains silent after that. TPYMK jabs a fork into the pea and pops it into his mouth.)

TPYMK: Mmm! Delightful texture! That's filled up my stomach!

GREG: With what? *Lies*?

TPYMK: Look, Greg – this is the 80s. It all comes down to who has the most money. Struggling scribes such as myself are victims of postmodern society.

DAN: You're just jealous that Strife's Bane got his book published before you did.

TPYMK: Apparently *Why I'm a Moaning Baby of a Writer* is bestselling material. How was I supposed to know?

DAN: If only you'd had a good idea – like *Harry Potter*.

TPYMK: I could have written *Harry Potter*. I would have, too if that JK Rowling woman didn't sneak in first.

GREG: I love a good book.

(Greg pulls out a pint glass from his pocket, taking a big gulp out of it. He dumps it down on the table.)

Look at that – it's a brilliant novel.

TPYMK: Greg, that is a glass of beer.

GREG: Well, yeah – but it's *like* a good book. You can never put it down until you've finished it all! Ha-ha!

(TPYMK sighs.)

TPYMK: Well, that's dinner over and done with. Unless you want to eat my jacket for dessert.

DAN: I'd rather not. Dinner has been ghastly enough already.

TPYMK: If only there was some sort of revolutionary, cheap new foodstuff that all of us could enjoy.

GREG: Hey – look at this!

(Greg is reading a newspaper. TPYMK and Dan huddle around him.)

TPYMK: What?

GREG: There's an advert here for some sort of revolutionary, cheap new foodstuff that all of us could enjoy! Can't understand a word of it, though – it's all written in a funny language.

(TPYMK turns the newspaper upside down. Greg smiles.)

Oh – that's better!

DAN: What's it for?

(Greg starts reading the advert.)

GREG: "Cheesy Cheese Puffs: Cheesy fun for all the family! No cheesy human being alive will be able to resist this cheesy new cheesy foodstuff that is proven to increase your cheesy stamina and cheesy lower body strength by a cheesy 110%! Available from all good cheesy supermarkets!"

TPYMK: We have to try some! It's bound to be cheap! Dan, check your piggy bank! Greg, make yourself throw up – you must've swallowed a few spare pennies over the past day or so! I'll see what change I can find down the back of the sofa! Let's go!

(The three hurry off.)

One Hour Later...

(TPYMK, Greg and Dan burst into the apartment, holding plastic bags full of Cheesy Cheese Puffs.)

TPYMK: We did it! We actually did it!

DAN: Did what?

TPYMK: Manage to convince the cashier into letting us have the puffs even though we didn't have enough cash. I mean, he made us such a great deal.

DAN: What, turn up with the money by Christmas or we die?

TPYMK: Yeah – it's going to take us a long time to pay off that debt of one penny.

GREG: Who cares? We have food!

(Greg slams the bags down on the kitchen table. He rips open an orange packet of Cheesy Cheese Puffs and starts eating them. He laughs with a mouthful of the stuff.)

Ha-ha-ha! It tastes like... like... *cheese*!

(TPYMK sits down opposite Greg.)

TPYMK: Well, that is the point, Greg. You'd be annoyed if it tasted like drain cleaner, wouldn't you?

GREG: Fair point – but I'll need a drink to wash this down!

(Greg pulls a bottle of mouthwash out from his jacket.)

Alcoholic cleanliness!

(TPYMK casts a glance at Dan as Greg he drinks the mouthwash. He is eating from a bag of Cheesy Cheese Puffs, too.)

TPYMK: How are your Cheesy Cheese Puffs, Dan?

(Dan is stuffing mouthful after mouthful of the stuff down his throat. He laughs at the top of his voice.)

DAN: *It's so delicious! I feel like my head is on fire!*

TPYMK: That's because it *is* on fire.

(Greg is holding a lighter to Dan's head. He smiles sheepishly at TPYMK, patting out the flames with a hand.)

GREG: Sorry. Couldn't resist.

DAN: Seriously, though! This stuff is good! I can see... *everything!*

TPYMK: And what is that supposed to mean?

(Dan grins, pointing at TPYMK.)

DAN: I didn't realise you were a gopher until now! And, Greg – you're a big, blubbery dragon!

TPYMK: He must be hallucinating.

GREG: Either that or clinically insane.

TPYMK: Or *both*.

(Dan takes the crown from his head, giggling maniacally.)

DAN: It's a UFO! *Go! Go! Go!*

(He throws the crown off into the corner of the room.)

I can fly!

(Dan leaps off into the air, landing on top of a table by the sofa. It splinters into pieces.)

TPYMK: Jeez – what on earth is in that stuff?

GREG: I'll check.

(Greg checks the back of one of the bags.)

"Sugar, salt, hydrogenated vegetable oil, Haiba, and something called Sumu."

(TPYMK looks on in horror.)

TPYMK: Oh, my God!

GREG: I know – it must be the salt. Makes people go crazy.

TPYMK: No, you crocodile's eyeball! I'm talking about the Sumu!

GREG: Sumu? That thing where two fat men get together and have a bit of a fight? I see that down the pub every Saturday; it's hardly a surprise.

TPYMK: That's *sumo*. Sumu is a highly addictive and dangerous drug that takes you to unimaginable heights of ecstasy!

(Greg stares at TPYMK for a moment.)

GREG: I think I'll have six more bags, then!

(Greg starts stuffing more of the puffs into his mouth. TPYMK stops him, shoving the bags away.)

TPYMK: Greg, stop it! We have to subdue Dan before he hurts himself!

GREG: Oh, just leave him! He's having a good time!

(The two look at Dan. He's dancing around like a ballerina, wearing a pink tutu.)

TPYMK: Greg, this isn't exactly— Wait a minute. Why aren't you experiencing any hallucinations?

GREG: Oh, that's easy – I drink so much that I hallucinate anyway. The cheese puffs sort of dilute the symptoms.

TPYMK: For once, your drinking has actually done something *good*, Greg. Now, come on – let's go and help Dan!

(Greg stands up, glaring angrily at TPYMK.)

GREG: Don't tell me what to do!

TPYMK: But I—

GREG: I've had just about enough of your orders!

TPYMK: I was just—

GREG: So, it's a fight you want, is it?

TPYMK: No—

GREG: Right, that's it! Put 'em up!

(TPYMK growls in frustration and punches Greg right in the face. He collapses back against the kitchen worktop.)

TPYMK: Take that, you filthy Spanish drunk!

(Greg picks up a chair and smashes it down over TPYMK's head, reducing it to pieces. TPYMK retaliates by grabbing a bread knife and jabbing it right into Greg's stomach.)

GREG: Hey!

(Greg looks down at the knife embedded in his stomach, frowning.)

Ooh – that's a bit of a tickler.

(He pulls the knife out, throwing it away.)

TPYMK: I think it's time that we called a truce, Greg. There are much more important things at stake. Just look at Dan!

(Dan is writhing about on the floor, laughing and clawing at invisible objects.)

DAN: Eat your turtle, Susan! The cake is mine!

TPYMK: What is he even *saying*?

GREG: I don't know – but I want some.

TPYMK: Maybe this is all just a dream – or maybe *I'm* hallucinating!

GREG: Let's find out.

(Greg picks up a fork, jabbing it into TPYMK's eye. He pulls it out with a sickening popping sound.)

Now, did that hurt?

TPYMK: Yes. A lot.

GREG: You're not hallucinating, then.

TPYMK: Right. Good! Now, how do we fix things?

GREG: The word 'murder' springs to mind.

TPYMK: Are you actually suggesting that we murder our good friend Dan just to get rid of him?

GREG: Yeah.

TPYMK: It's a good plan, isn't it? You get the knife! I'll get the chloroform!

(They start to walk off – but TPYMK stops.)

Wait – why don't we just knock him out until the symptoms wear off?

GREG: What? Oh, come on. We come up against a problem and the first thing you think of is a simple, sensible solution?

TPYMK: Greg, do you want to waste your night thinking up outlandish schemes or not?

GREG: Fair point. What do we do?

TPYMK: Give me the frying pan. One crack over the head and he won't wake up until he's come down from the high.

GREG: Okay.

(Greg passes TPYMK a frying pan from the kitchen.)

There you go!

TPYMK: Thank you.

(*Thwack!* He whacks Greg across the face with it.)

GREG: What did you do that for?

TPYMK: For being an annoying, squalid slab of meat who will never amount to anything in life!

(Greg laughs, raising a hand.)

GREG: Guilty as charged!

TPYMK: Now, let me deal with this.

(TPYMK strides over to Dan, who is gazing in wonder at his hand.)

DAN: The fingers... They move!

(TPYMK smiles sweetly.)

TPYMK: Oh, Dan?

DAN: Yes, dear?

TPYMK: *Take this!*

(He clobbers Dan over the head with the frying pan. His eyes flicker.)

DAN: Bunny rabbits!

(He falls unconscious within seconds.)

TPYMK: And that takes care of that.

(Greg nods.)

GREG: Good. I've drunk so much that I feel like I'm going to pass out in a second. In fact, I *am* going to pass out!

(He collapses to the floor. TPYMK shakes his head in disapproval.)

TPYMK: Stupid Australians!

The Next Morning...

(TPYMK, Greg and Dan are sat at the kitchen table, eating from bowls filled with rusty metal scraps. Dan is holding a bag of ice to his head.)

DAN: I don't know what the hell happened last night... My head is throbbing.

TPYMK: It was those cheese puffs. They'd been tainted with a horrible drug that made you go crazy.

GREG: Yeah – it was brilliant!

TPYMK: That's hardly the word I'd use, Greg. He could have died!

GREG: Even better!

DAN: At least I feel better now... That's the main thing.

TPYMK: Yes – that's the main thing.

GREG: Well, until you discover that I poisoned your breakfast with some more Sumu I bought this morning.

DAN: What? Don't be so—

(Dan immediately starts giggling, falling onto the floor. TPYMK scowls at Greg.)

GREG: This is so fun!

TPYMK: Greg?

GREG: Yes?

(TPYMK throws his bowl at Greg's head, smashing it to pieces.)

The End

AN: Well, this was my longest script so far, and I really liked it! Our antics are quite funny, aren't they? I really think I'm going to enjoy writing more episodes of this in the future. Anything can happen!